THE NEW PLAYS

Lawrance D'Orsay Braves Vaudeville With "Footfalls."

ALL was quiet along the Rialto. The long-suffering "first-night" had gone away for a change of air. Not an "opening" was to be seen, not a single new electric sign blazed upon the second-story altar of Art, though "Bluffs" had been called off and "Toddles" had limped away. The cab market was dull and heavy. Only "Footfalls" broke the stillness. The spring cricket, feeling like a lost soul out of a job, heard the sound from afar, and hopped to Keith & Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre to chirp as best he might.

But there wasn't much to chirp about. Mr. Lawrence D'Orsey was there to brave vaudeville—or vaudeville was there to brave Mr. Lawrance D'Orsay—that was all. Poor Mr. D'Orsay seemed like the Flatiron Building off its foundations. He was just about as light as "Footfalls," a succession of heavy thuds written by Mr. Robert H. Davis.

Mr. Sidney Drew as Billy Hargrave.
Mrs. Drew as Alice Hargrave.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the thuds were marching, while Mr. D'Orsay kindly allowed three lovelorn females to enter his paris-green room in the Santa Ana Hotel and worship him for the "Dook" he was. Mrs. Thompson Baker, "a very rich guest" who didn't look it, was the first to bask in the glory of Mr. D'Orsay's checked riding breeches, his red waistcoat, and his four-ply drawl. Mrs. Thompson Baker was as awfully American as the "dook" was English. She lived in the apartment overhead, but her husband had gone away—sensible man!—and she was just dying to see the "Dook's" extra riding breeches on a wooden mount, and other bric-a-brac that adorned the paris-greenery. She was getting on famously, seeing the "Dook's" jokes, as well as a lot of other things, when tramp, tramp, tramp, and clump, clump, clump, came footfalls. The afternoon tea was off. So was Mrs. Thompson Baker, who hurried into "the other room" that is always provided for stage emergencies of this sort.

A trouble-making playwright would have brought in the suspicious husband. But Mr. Davis wasn't taking any chances of having Mr. D'Orsay's imported beauty spoiled by the vulgar American touch. Instead of turning loose a riotous husband he brought on a gentle maid, who took up the work of worship where her mistress had left off, and made a much better job of it. It was really a shame to have her frightened away by more footfalls that sounded like a truck horse cantering upstairs.

This time it was a skittish dame who created the disturbance. She was the landlord's wife—fussy and foolish—and supposedly "comic." There's no telling what might have happened to the "Dook" if more footfalls had not driven her into hiding.

Some explanation was now due the audience, of course, and it came in the form of a boy—not a horse. But this only partly explained the noise that had been made. The boy might at least have offered to pass his feet among the audience.

A false teeth farce, called "Billy's Tombstones," was brought out for the first time by Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew. The author, Mr. Kenneth Lee, proved that a thing may be as old as the mother-in-law joke and still be funny, while Mr. Drew showed that the footfall hero's loss was the comedian's gain. He was legitimately amusing as an unhappy chap whose four false teeth were knocked out on shipboard just as he was about to propose to a girl who admired his teeth. When the teeth were found and put up at auction he had to bid $1,000 to keep his rival from getting them and the girl. Mrs. Drew was a very good sister to Mr. Drew, and brought him his teeth when he needed them to say "Beatrice." Have you ever tried to say "Beatrice" with four upper teeth out?

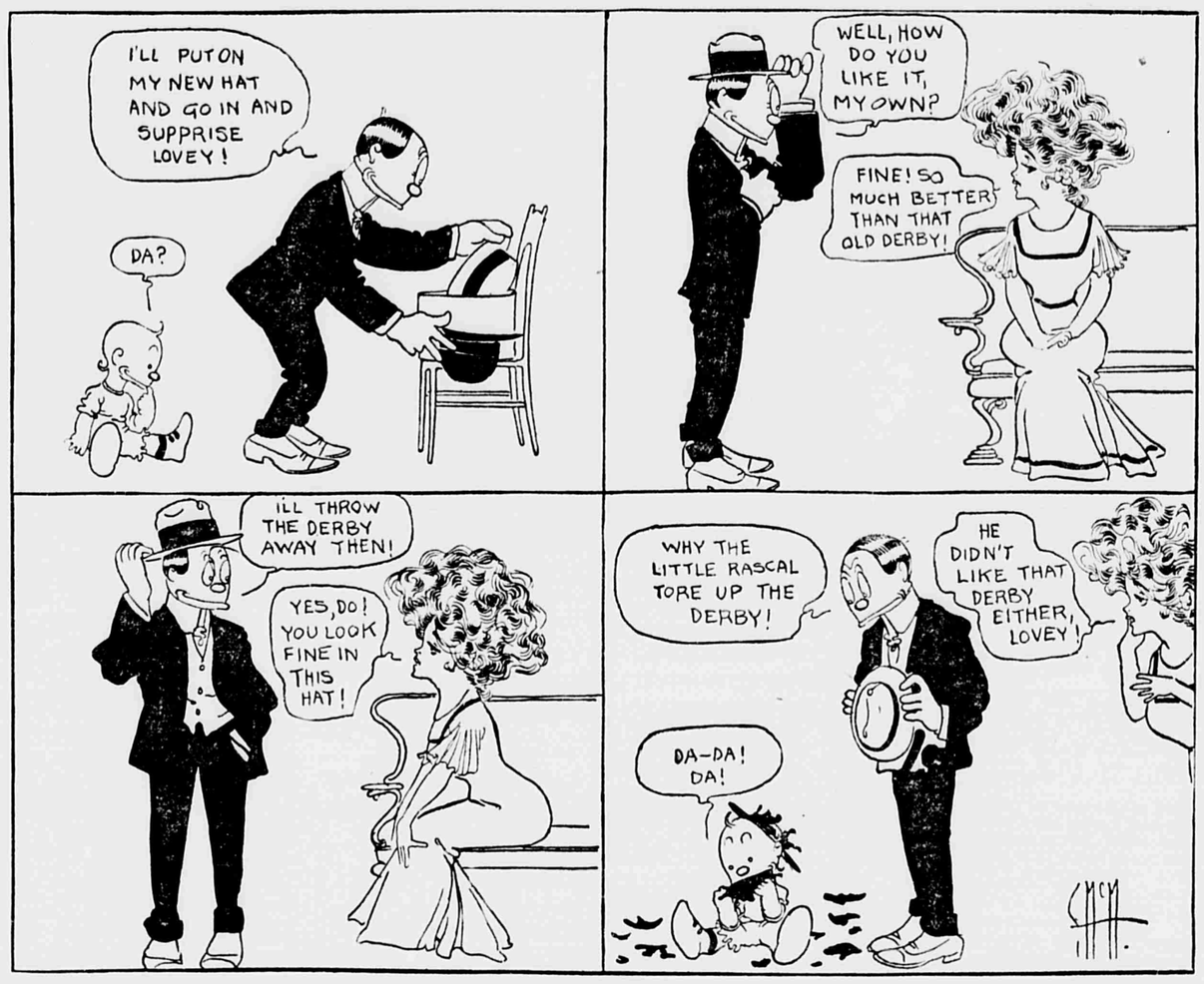
Lawrance D'Orsay as the Duke of Darley.
Miss Charlett Lambert as Beatrice.

Lily Lena, credited with being "the pride of London and the furor of New York," said a great many things in her "dainty" songs that could hardly be excused on the ground of cleverness. What the English "blue" song needs is the American blue pencil.

CHARLES DARNTON.

The Newlyweds & Their Baby

By George McManus



Buffalo Bill's New Tales of the Plains

New Series—No. 2.

The Grand Duke Alexis Hunt

W. F. CODY

FORTY big tents pitched in the heart of the prairie, on the Red Willow River, about sixty miles from North Platte, in the centre of the buffalo country. A swarm of cavalrymen in dress uniform. About 2,000 Indians hovering in the offing.

Not an odd scene, so far, except the dress uniforms of the cavalry and the unusually gay paint and other decorations of the Indians. But the tents were hung and carpeted with rare rugs and rich furs and furnished like an Arabian Nights scene. The Commissary Department held more pate-de-foie-gras than hardtack; more champagne than salt pork. Such assemblage had never before been gathered in all the West. For this was the scene and time (1872) of the now historic "Grand Duke Alexis hunt."

The Russian Grand Duke was Uncle Sam's guest. He was tired of state banquets and tedious receptions. He wanted to come West and shoot big game. So he was turned over to Gen. Phil Sheridan, who had orders to arrange such a hunt. Not as easy a matter as it sounds.

The following despatch from a New York newspaper of that date shows how Sheridan arranged for the safety of the nation's imperial guest:

"Besides the cavalry escort there are two mounted companies to guard the Grand Duke from the wrath and revenge of the numerous Sioux Indians, Gen. Sheridan and Buffalo Bill, however, have persuaded the reds to render the Duke's visit one of pleasure rather than harm. The General has brought out thirty wagon loads of provisions which he has promised to distribute impartially among the red men at the end of the hunt if they restrain themselves from any violence. It may seem a questionable way to secure a foreign guest from scalping in the United States, but the Indians are armed and outnumber the soldiers ten to one."

The Duke left the train at North Platte station, making the sixty miles from there to camp in a spring wagon drawn by four fast horses. The vehicle travelled in the centre of a galloping armed escort.

After the Duke had had a day's rest at camp my scouts and some of the Indian allies reported a herd of buffaloes. Gen. Custer (who acted as a sort of master of ceremonies), myself and several other veteran hunters gave His Highness an exhibition of buffalo hunting; the work done by the trained horses, the way to approach a herd and where to plant the fatal bullet (through the lions or under the heart), &c.

Then the Grand Duke, Custer and I went out together. The Grand Duke rode my own favorite horse, Buckskin Joe, a yellow, lean, ugly-looking little beast that hadn't its equal in buffalo chasing. Custer and I cut out of the herd two or three of the finest specimens, and Alexis brought them down with true sportsmanlike skill. Their stuffed and mounted heads were later hung in his palace at St. Petersburg.

The grand "battue," or general killing, was saved till the last day. Chief Spotted Tail and hundreds of his braves had given their weird dances and other native performances for the imperial guest's amusement. After which they went in for the "battue." I had located an immense herd of buffalo. The Indian riders, naked except for waist cloths, and painted vivid colors, waited my signal to start in on the sport.

I waved a blanket three times and they went away with a rush. What a tornado of flying hoofs! Like an avalanche they fell upon the herd. Rifles, old muzzle-loaders, bows and arrows—any sort of weapon—a hail of lead, a whirring flight of shafts, the beat of unshod hoofs, the lumbering rush and crashing fall of the buffaloes, the wild chorus of war yells—oh! it's no use, I can't describe it.

It was a scene never to be forgotten, and only to be told satisfactorily by some much better writer than I am.

It looked like the wildest confusion, that Indian hunt. But really it had a sort of rude method about it. The main body of riders "worked" the herd in such fashion as to make it gallop in a circle instead of stampeding out of range. Another detachment spread out to cut off stragglers.

At last the signal to halt was given. The dust cloud settled and His Highness saw a wonderful sight. The hundreds of Indian ponies stood panting, their gaudily painted riders swarmed everywhere. The prairie was literally strewn with the carcasses of dead buffalo.

Great festivities wound up the Grand Duke's stay in the West. The hunt had been a glorious success. The distinguished guest had had all sorts of fun. No accident or attack (which would have put Uncle Sam in a rather nasty position with Russia) had marred the visit. Everybody, I think, felt secretly relieved.

Grand Duke Alexis was kind enough to take a liking to me and to be pleased with my humble share in his entertainment. He sent me afterward a beautiful set of diamond sleeve links and studs in the form of buffalo heads.

One Chicago paper printed this queer comment on the Grand Duke's magnificent gift:

"Grand Duke Alexis has given Buffalo Bill a set of diamond studs. The great scout is coming East to buy a shirt to wear them in!"

Betty Vincent's Advice On Courtship and Marriage

She Quarrels With Him.

Dear Betty:

I AM eighteen and for the past six months have been going with a young man three years my senior. Lately he has not come around but once in two weeks. Then, when he does come up, why we quarrel. I dearly love this young man, and when I first knew him he was so eager for my love that he would come around every day. The last time we quarrelled he said he was not in a position to marry for a few years yet, and that he does not make enough to take me out, but I know this is not true. Is this man worth bothering about and do you think he loves me? M. R.

The young man can hardly be blamed for calling but once in two weeks if you entertain him by quarrelling. He sees that you are too eager for his love, and therefore has lost interest in you. If you accept attentions from another man he will think he is losing your love and perhaps will be devoted again. However I do not think he loves you and I advise you to give him up.

Career or Husband?

Dear Betty:

I AM a girl of twenty, away from home, studying art in New York. I have met a young man, also a student, who says he cannot live without me. Would you advise me to give up my career as an artist for him? S. E. F.

Can't you go on with your career even though you marry? Plenty of women who are successful artists are married happily.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl.

By Helen Rowland.

POKER and love are both games of bluff.

A man has so many more temptations than a woman—because he knows where to go and find them.

A man will sit on the edge of the bed, holding one shoe in his hand and gazing into space for half an hour, and then send the cook into hysterics and the waitress into nervous prostration because he has only ten minutes left in which to eat his breakfast.

A baby's kisses taste of stale milk, a boy's of jam, a young man's of cigarettes and a husband's of cocktails.

Divorce is getting to be as painless as dentistry. Two people pack each other's trunks, gentlly shake hands farewell, wish each other luck, and then go off to Europe while the lawyers fight it out.

Most bridal couples pile enough honey into the first month of matrimony to last a whole lifetime if thinned out and spread on economically.

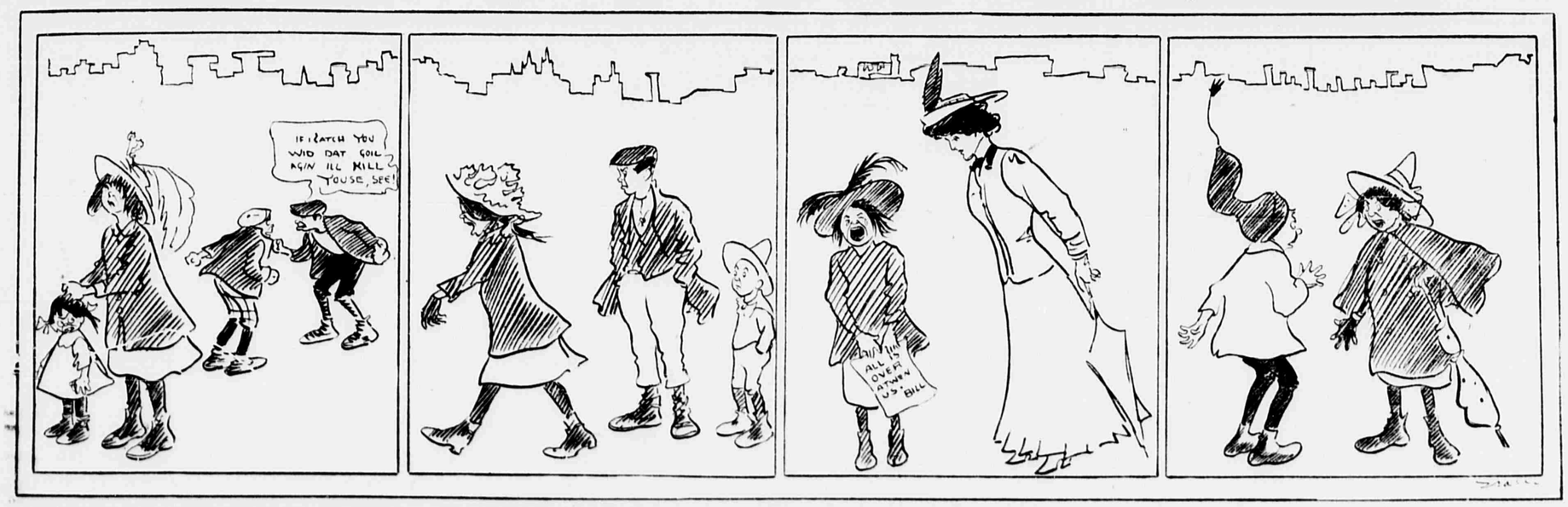
Some marriages of convenience turn out to be about the most inconvenient things that could possibly have happened.

The best brand of love is not always the kind that father used to make.

A Milanese Wedding Dinner.

WHEN VIOLANTI VISCONTI was married to Duke Lionel, son of Edward III. of England, at Milan, the wedding dinner consisted of eighteen courses, including suckling pigs, fish, hares, veal, quail, partridge, carp, peacocks, ducks, cheese and cherries. Some of the fish and game were incrusted in gold.

Just Kids. By T. S. Allen.



Helen (of Third avenue)—O Heavens! Was I only made beautiful dat men should murder each oder because of me face!

"Dat's de fourth skirt, Willie, I've had ter say I could only be a brother to her dis year."

"Won't you tell me what's the matter, little girl?"

"Aw, wot's de use? an old maid like you wouldn't understand!"

"You usetter love me, Macy."

"Well, ain't I got er right ter git some sense as I grow older?"

The Greatest of Short Story Writers.

O. Henry's Stories of New York Life

—Story No. 17—

Sisters of the Golden Circle.

(From "The Four Million," by O. Henry.)
(Copyright, 1906, by McClure, Phillips & Co.)

THE Rubberneck Auto was about ready to start. The merry top-riders had been assigned to their seats by the gentlemanly conductor. The sidewalk was blockaded with sightseers who had gathered to stare at sightseers, justifying the natural law that every creature on earth is preyed upon by some other creature.

The megaphone man raised his instrument of torture; the inside of the great automobile began to thump and throb like the heart of a coffee drinker. The top-riders nervously clung to the seats; the old lady from Valparaiso, Ind., shrieked to be put ashore. But, before a wheel turns, listen to a brief preamble through the cardiaphone, which shall point out to you an object of interest on life's sightseeing tour.

Swift and comprehensive is the recognition of white man for white man in African wilds; instant and sure is the spiritual greeting between mother and babe; unhesitatingly do master and dog commune across the slight gulf between animal and man; immeasurably quick and sapient are the brief messages between one and one's beloved. But all these instances set forth only slow and groping interchange of sympathy and thought beside one other instance which the Rubberneck coach shall disclose. You shall learn (if you have not already) what two beings of all earth's living inhabitants most quickly look into each other's hearts and souls when they meet face to face.

The Rubberneck Wagon.

The gong whirred, and the Glaring-at-Gotham car moved majestically upon its instructive tour.

On the highest, rear seat was James Williams, of Cloverdale, Missouri, and his Bride.

And on Mrs. James Williams's face was recorded a little library of the world's best thoughts in three volumes. Volume No. 1 contained the belief that James Williams was about the right sort of thing. Volume No. 2 was an essay on the world, declaring it to be a very excellent place. Volume No. 3 disclosed the belief that in occupying the highest seat in a rubberneck auto they were travelling the pace that passes all understanding.

James Williams, you would have guessed, was about twenty-four. It will gratify you to know that your estimate was so accurate. He was exactly twenty-three years eleven months and twenty-nine days old. He was well built, active, strong jawed, good natured and rising. He was on his wedding trip.

Dear, kind fairy, please cut out those orders for money and 40 H. P. touring cars and fame and a new growth of hair and the presidency of the boat club. Instead of any of them turn backward—oh, turn backward and give us just a teeny-weeny bit of our wedding trip over again. Just an hour, dear fairy, so we can remember how the grass and poplar trees looked, and the bow of those bonnet strings tied beneath her chin—even if it was the hatpins that did the work. Can't do it? Very well; hurry up with that touring car and the oil stock, then.

The Girl in Front.

Just in front of Mrs. James Williams sat a girl in a loose tan jacket and a straw hat adorned with grapes and roses. Only in dreams and milliners' shops do we, alas! gather grapes and roses at one swipe. This girl gazed with large blue eyes, credulous, when the megaphone man roared his doctrine that millionaires were things about which we should be concerned. Between blasts she resorted to Epictetian philosophy in the form of pepsin chewing gum.

At this girl's right hand sat a young man about twenty-four. He was well built, active, strong jawed and good natured. But if his description seems to follow that of James Williams, divest it of anything Cloverdalian. This man belonged to hard streets and sharp corners. He looked keenly about him, seeming to begrudge the asphalt under the feet of those upon whom he looked down from his perch.

While the megaphone barks at a famous hostelry, let me whisper you through the low tuned cardiaphone to sit tight; for now things are about to happen, and the great city will close over them again as over a scrap of ticker tape floating down from the den of a Broad street bear.

Bride Versus Bride.

The girl in the tan jacket twisted around to view the pilgrims on the last seat. The other passengers she had absorbed; the seat behind her was her Bluebeard's chamber.

Her eyes met those of Mrs. James Williams. Between two ticks of a watch they exchanged their life's experiences, histories, hopes and fancies. And all, mind you, with the eye before two men could have decided whether to draw steel or borrow a match.

The bride leaned forward low. She and the girl spoke rapidly together, their tongues moving quickly like those of two serpents—a comparison that is not meant to go further. Two smiles and a dozen nods closed the conference.

And now in the broad, quiet avenue in front of the Rubberneck car a man in dark clothes stood with uplifted hand. From the sidewalk another hurried to join him.

The girl in the fruitful hat quickly seized her companion by the arm and whispered in his ear. That young man exhibited proof of ability to act promptly. Crouching low, he slid over the edge of the car, hung lightly for an instant, and then disappeared. Half a dozen of the top-riders observed his feat, wonderingly, but made no comment, deeming it prudent not to express surprise at what might be the conventional manner of alighting in this bewildering city. The truant passenger dodged a hansom and then floated past, like a leaf on a stream between a furniture van and a florist's delivery wagon.

The girl in the tan jacket turned again, and looked in the eyes of Mrs. James Williams. Then she faced about and sat still while the Rubberneck auto stopped at the flash of the badge under the coat of the plain clothes man.

Halt!

"What's eatin' you?" demanded the megaphonist, abandoning his professional discourse for pure English.

"Keep her at anchor for a few minutes," ordered the officer. "There's a man on board we want—a Philadelphia burglar called 'Pinky' McGuire. There he is on the back seat. Look out for the side, Donovan.

Donovan went to the hind wheel and looked up at James Williams.

"Come down, old sport," he said, pleasantly. We've got you. Back to Sleepytown for yours. It ain't a bad idea, hidin' on a Rubberneck, though I'll remember that."

Softly through the megaphone came the advice of the conductor:

"Better step off, sir, and explain. The car must proceed on its tour."

James Williams belonged among the level heads. With necessary slowness he picked his way through the passengers down to the steps at the front of the car. His wife followed, but she first turned her eyes and saw the escaped tourist glide from behind the furniture van and slip behind a tree on the edge of the little park, not fifty feet away.

Descended to the ground, James Williams faced his captors with a smile. He was thinking what a good story he would have to tell in Cloverdale about having been mistaken for a burglar. The Rubberneck coach lingered, out of respect for its patrons. What could be a more interesting sight than this?

Arrested.

"My name is James Williams, of Cloverdale, Mo.," he said kindly so that they would not be too greatly mortified. "I have letters here that will show"——

"You'll come with us, please," announced the plain-clothes man.

"'Pinky' McGuire's description fits you like flannel washed in hot suds. A detective saw you on the rubberneck up at Central Park and 'phoned down to take you in. Do your explaining at the station-house."

James Williams's wife—his bride of two weeks—looked him in the face with a strange, soft radiance in her eyes and a flush on her cheeks, looked him in the face and said:

"Go with 'em quietly, 'Pinky,' and maybe it'll be in our favor."

And then as the Glaring-at-Gotham car rolled away she turned and threw a kiss—his wife threw a kiss—at some one high up on the seats of the rubberneck.

"Your girl gives good advice," McGuire," said Donovan. "Come on, now."

And then madness descended upon and occupied James Williams. He pushed his hat far upon the back of his head.

"My wife seems to think I am a burglar," he said, recklessly. "I never heard of her being crazy; therefore I must be. And if I'm crazy, they can't do anything to me for killing you two fools in my madness."

The Battle.

Whereupon he resisted arrest so cheerfully and industriously that cops had to be whistled for, and afterward the reserves, to disperse a few thousand delighted spectators.

At the station house the desk sergeant asked for his name.

"McDoodle the Pink, or Pinky the Brute, I forget which," was James Williams's answer. "But you can bet I'm a burglar; don't leave that out. And you might add that it took five of 'em to pluck the Pink. I'd especially like to have that in the records."

In an hour came Mrs. James Williams, with Uncle Thomas, of Madison avenue, in a respect-compelling motor car and proofs of the hero's innocence—for all the world like the third act of a drama backed by an automobile mfg. co.

After the police had sternly reprimanded James Williams for imitating a copyrighted burglar and given him as honorable discharge as the department was capable of, Mrs. Williams rearrested him and swept him into an angle of the station-house. James Williams regarded her with one eye. He always said that Donovan closed the other while somebody was holding his right hand. Never before had he given her a word of reproach or of reproof.

"If you can explain," he began rather stiffly, "why you"——

Explanations.

"Dear," she interrupted, "listen. It was an hour's pain and trial to you. I did it for her—I mean the girl who spoke to me in the coach. I was so happy, Jim—so happy with you that I didn't dare to refuse that happiness to another. Jim, they were married only this morning—those two; and I wanted him to get away. While they were struggling with you I saw him slip from behind his tree and hurry across the park. That's all of it, dear—I had to do it."

Thus does one sister of the plain gold band know another who stands in the enchanted light that shines but once and briefly for each one. By rice and satin bows does mere man become aware of weddings. But bride knoweth bride at the glance of an eye. And between them swiftly passes comfort and meaning in a language that maids and widows wot not of.